

I am the good Shepherd.
John 10:11

The Shepherd

I AM THE DOOR OF THE SHEEP. John 10:7.

The good Shepherd giveth
life for the sheep.
John 10:11

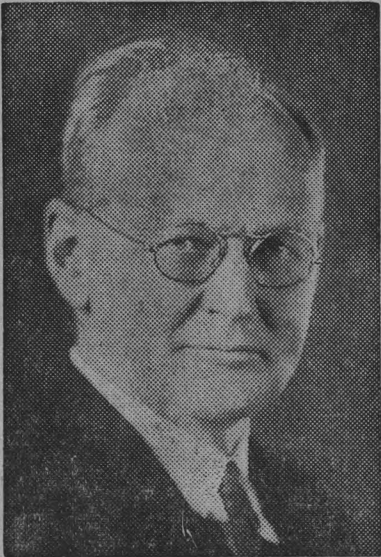
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The Right Rev. J. A. AASGAARD,
D.D., L.L.D., Th.D., President of the
Norwegian Lutheran Church
of America.

"Lord, Thou has been our dwelling place
in all generations. Before the mountains
were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst
formed the earth and the world, even from
everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."

As our thoughts go back over one hundred years of the life of our church in this country, the words of the psalmist become for us a living reality. From generation to generation, through more than nine hundred years in the land of our fathers, and for the last one hundred years with our people in America, He has been our God. He has shown loving kindness, mercy and grace throughout all the changing conditions that have met our people. In the lowly pioneer homes, the deep forests of Wisconsin and the prairies of the West He has been our rock and our refuge.

The great thoughts and the very heart of the Centennial are the words of David: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

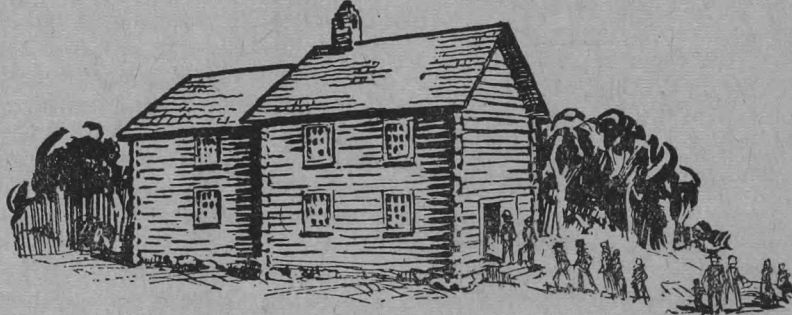
This strikes the true note in the worship of the child of God on a day such as this. It is not what we have accomplished. It is not the record of our successes and our achievements that we remember. It is God, who has been our Father in Jesus Christ from generation to generation, who through His Holy Spirit has given the strength, the grace, the incentive and the power to accomplish what has been done. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory."

This marvelous love, past finding out, calls us to look to the future. Our answer today should be: "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people."

This should be a day of reconsecration and rededication to the high and holy purpose to abound in the work of the Lord, — steadfast and immovable, ever to take the cup of salvation, His Gospel, the message of Christ, and lift it high for our own people and for all the people of Canada and the United States, in every home and in every congregation. These are the vows. These are the pledges that should be made this day, in humble gratitude and adoration to our Lord and God.

Such a heart, such a spirit, will bring strength, inspiration and power to our church from this centennial anniversary, to go forward in the name of the Lord, to walk in Him, to be rooted and built up in Him and established in the faith.

As we think of the years that lie ahead, our times are in God's hand. In the midst of war and strife, burdens and sorrows, we



MUSKEGO CHURCH, 1843



Dr. IVER IVERSEN, President
of the Norwegian Lutheran
Church of Canada.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF BLESSINGS

"What shall I render unto the Lord for
all his benefits toward me? I will take
the cup of salvation and call upon the name
of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto
the Lord in the presence of His people."
Psalm 116: 12-14.

The Bible tells us that it is a good thing for us to give thanks unto the Lord. It is good for us. Therefore every believer ought to say, "His praise shall continually be in my mouth".

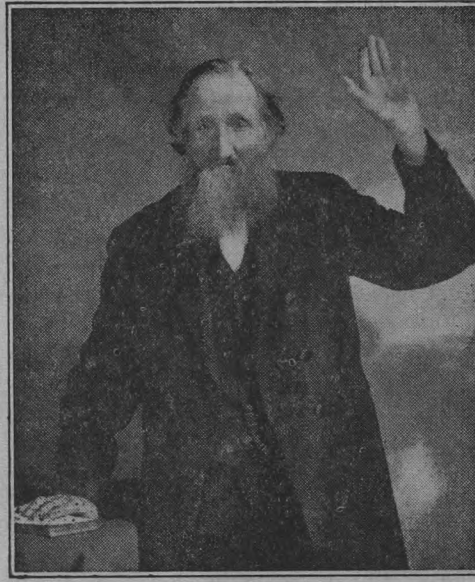
We are to give thanks "for all His benefits". That is a large order, for God's benefits are so numerous and so magnificent. At present we are to give thanks for His benefits to us and to our Church for a hundred years. That is beyond comprehension. Through the blessings bestowed upon our church the Gospel has come bringing salvation to us. For where the love of God has not been kindled no one cares to labor and sacrifice to bring the Gospel to others.

Well may we wonder, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" Psalm 116 not only raises the question; it also furnishes the answer: "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord". The Lord has given to His Church the "cup of salvation". He has permitted us to have it for hundreds of years. Have you received it?

Perhaps some of you have never called upon the name of the Lord for salvation, because you did not want to be delivered from sin. Some of you who are saved have

can pray with that man of God: "Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants and Thy glory upon Thy children and let the fear of the Lord our God be upon us and establish Thou the work of our hands, yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

—Dr. J. A. Aasgaard.



Rev. BERSVED ANDERSON

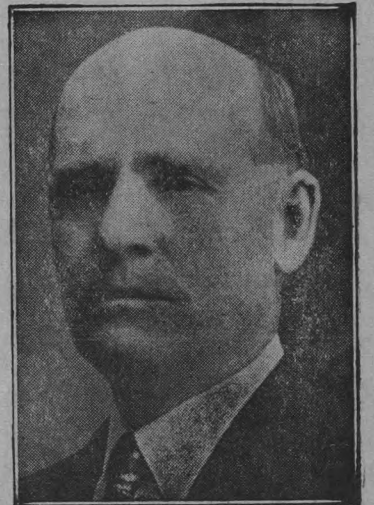
deemed it sufficiently to take a sip of that cup once in a while, because you deemed it enough to be "in the condition of salvation".

Let us take "the cup of salvation" and let us drain it. Be not content with a small portion of what the Lord in His abundant goodness wants to bestow upon you. Receive it all. That rejoices the heart of God more than any other "benefit" we may otherwise be able to render unto Him. Then as we drink our fill let us pass the cup on to others; for God wants all to be saved. It brings joy in heaven when sinners are saved.

Another way to praise the Lord is to "pay our vows" unto Him. Have we vowed anything to the Lord? Some time ago thousands of us vowed Him a special thankoffering of our means for the benefits He has bestowed upon us. It was a solemn covenant with the Lord; for it was a thankoffering. Have we paid it? But we have made Him a much larger and more important promise. We promised to denounce the devil and all his works and all his ways; and we promised to believe in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

We can honor God in no better way than by believing on Him. Is your life a life of renunciation of the devil; and is it an expression in all affairs of faith in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit? Have you believed that holiness is to a large degree obtainable, also in this life, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus? Or have you been content to be "like the rest", or with "doing the best you can", because you did not believe that any large degree of deliverance from sin is possible here and now? Have you dishonored the Lord who died for your redemption by unbelief? Have you thus manifested to the world only too plainly the ways of the devil?

You live among hundreds, even thousands of unsaved. Do you believe they can be saved? Are you doing anything about it? Jesus says: All authority has been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye



Dr. J. R. LAVIK
President of Lutheran Seminary,
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

See article "THESE ONE HUNDRED
YEARS" by Dr. Lavik in Shepherd insert.

Rev. Bersvend Anderson

Rev. Bersvend Anderson was an outstanding pioneer pastor. He was born in Kroken, Bardo, Senjen, Tromsø Norway, Dec. 7, 1821. In his early life he was a fisherman at Lofoten Norway. He served as lay preacher in Bardo, Lofoten, Senjen, Vesteraalen and Salten parishes. He came to America in 1876. He served twelve congregations near Crookston, Minnesota from 1878-94. He served in Alberta, Canada 1894-1910 as the first Norwegian Lutheran pastor in this province. While in the United States he laid the foundation for the publication "Vidnesbyrd-frabroderkredsen". He died June 14, 1917 at the age of ninety-six.

The picture is said to be characteristic of his appearance and manner when preaching the Gospel. He preached long sermons. N. N. Ronning says that he would at the end of a long sermon look out through the windows and remark: "Ah, well, the weather is fine and the day is long" and then he would proceed to preach another sermon.

This Centennial year we pay humble tribute to this pioneer of the Cross. We thank God for what he accomplished through this frail instrument. —V.



Rev. Bersvend Anderson, his inclosed cutter, and his faithful horse "Sam". This is the manner in which this faithful pioneer pastor traveled throughout the Canadian Home Mission field.

therefore, and make disciples of all nations". Has your life showed that you believe it can be done? Have you honored your Lord by your faith, or have you dishonored Him by your unbelief?

"Let us take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord this centennial year."

—Ive Iversen.

Faith of our Fathers Living still

The SHEPHERD — HYRDEN

Organ of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada.

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Why Canada District Rejoices This Centennial Year

What does it mean to us in Canada that one hundred years ago congregations were organized and pastors ordained among the Norwegian Lutherans in the United States? It means a great deal. It means that the work of our church was organized of which Canada district forms a part. And it means, that because of this organized work schools have been built, and workers trained for the fields both at home and abroad. It means, too, that in this way pastors and other church workers have also come to us.

For almost half of this century the work has continued among us in Canada. It is forty nine years this fall since the Bardo settlers first came to Alberta; Rev. Bersvend Anderson coming with them as their spiritual leader. Many other places in our district can now celebrate forty or more years of organized churchwork.

God has richly blessed these years of work for our Canada district. Only those "who dreamed dreams and saw visions" dared hope for many of those things which we now have! The need for congregational work was felt — there are now 240 congregations and preaching places in our district served by pastors of our church. To make possible greater co-operative work among the congregations 10 circuits have been organized.

The building of our schools at Camrose and Outlook was the result of joint endeavors. With the opening of the High school department at Outlook this fall there are the opportunities for our young people to obtain their secondary education at either of these schools. Many thank God for these schools. More of us need to pray for these schools, support them with our means, speak well of them, and urge our best young people to attend.

For a long time many felt the need for Lutheran Bible schools in Canada. Many maintained that it would be impossible! But what for a long time seemed impossible has now become a reality — the Lutheran Bible Institutes at Camrose and Outlook are in existence today.

And how about our the Bible camps for our people? Few of us had dreams of what we have in our camps in buildings, attendance and spiritual blessings.

Visions of our own Seminary in Canada were entertained. But this was something else that didn't seem possible. Now that too has become a reality, and we have today an excellent Seminary in Saskatoon. (After having spent 3 weeks there last January browsing in its library, listening to lectures, joining in the devotions, and visiting with students and faculty members, I became more convinced than ever that our Canadian Seminary is an excellent school.)

Neither should we forget our Sunset Home for the Aged at Bawlf, which has served our Canada district for 21 years. And our District's church paper, "The Shepherd" would be missed by many if we didn't have it. And besides these institu-

tions which serve our district particularly we are also heirs of all the other institutions and organizations of our church. Would we have had any of these blessings if God had not built and maintained His church among us? "Surely it is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes."

God moved our pioneers to build our Church with her institutions. Many of these institutions were built at great sacrifice. We mention but one example, that of Luther College built in Civil War years when prices were high for what they had to buy, and prices of farm produce extremely cheap. At that time with prices of eggs at six cents a dozen, and butter from five to ten cents a pound, the pioneers built the first College building at a cost of over \$75,000.00. Such examples of sacrifice were not wanting in the building of our churches and schools in Canada either.

Our Church has been very generous with us in Canada. That is one reason why we should be particularly grateful for the opportunity to take part in the Centennial Thankoffering.

We ought also to rejoice this Centennial year that the faith of our fathers is living still! Have we ever considered what might have happened to God's work among us if the fathers of our Church had not been so loyal to the Word of God? The early workers viewed with alarm how many of the immigrants were being misled by the Mormons and other false teachers. Elling Eilsen has been pictured particularly as one who railed at the worldliness and indifference which he saw among the Lutherans. And he was hard on these, but hard yet on those who led the people away from the Lutheran faith.

Because our fathers kept the faith pure the door of opportunity has been opened to us. At no time in the history of our Church in Canada have we had opportunities like those set before us now. There are countless opportunities for work but the laborers are few. Pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest.

—J. B. Stolee.

Missionary to South America visits Hanley Parish

Pastor A. C. Morck, a former student of C.L.C., Luther Theological Seminary at Saskatoon, and a graduate of Dana Theological Seminary at Blair, Nebraska, spoke in the Hanley Lutheran Church on Sunday morning, September the 12. In the afternoon he spoke in the Spring Creek Church, and in the evening in the Bethlehem Lutheran Free Church in Pastor Ostby's charge.

Pastor Morck expects to leave for South America this fall and intends to take up work in the new mission field in Argentina that is to be opened up by the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America and the Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church.

We wish him God's speed on his journey and God's richest blessing in his new field.

The Fall Circuit Convention of the Saskatoon Circuit of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada will be held at Watrous, in Pastor Gerhard Aarestad's charge, on October the 15, 16 and 17. Each congregation and each ladies aid society within the Circuit is entitled to two representatives.

Pray that God will bless this meeting!
Lars Knudson,
Circuit President.

Centennial Celebrations and Circuit Meetings

Camrose Circuit, Camrose, Alta., October 24th. Circuit Meeting follows.

Edmonton Circuit, Bardo Congregation October 29—31.

Prince Albert Circuit, Birch Hills Lutheran Church November 5—7.

Yorkton Circuit, Lunner Church, Southey, Sask. October 15—17.

Moose Jaw Circuit and Centennial Convention, Nov. 5—7, Torquay, Sask.

18th Sunday after Trinity. SATAN'S NET

Epistle: I John 2:7-17.

"Love not the world" . . . I John 2:15.

When God here says, "Love not the world," He is not talking about the same "world" as He does in John 3:16 where we are told that "God so loved the world." He is not asking us to withhold our love from the same world that He loved. The connection in which a word is used determines its exact meaning. God loved the people in the world with a view to their salvation. In that sense we also should love the world. When Scriptures admonish us, "Love not the world," it refers not to the people as such but to the forces of evil that work through them. It is the world as it is organized and arranged under Satan's leadership for his purpose of ensnaring mankind in sin and destruction.

But does not God rule the world? To be sure, God has not been dethroned, neither has He abdicated. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein" (Ps. 24:1), and "the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men" (Dan. 4:32). Nevertheless the Bible makes it very plain that since sin opened the way for the devil into the hearts of men, and because so many of them let him rule in their lives, the power and influence of Satan in the world is tremendous. Scriptures refer to him as the Prince of this world (John 12:31; 14:30; 16:11) and also calls him "the god of this world" (II Cor. 4:4). But the Christian is safe so long as he lets Christ rule and guide him because, "greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world" (I John 4:4). Christ said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer I have overcome the world" (John 16:33). As long as we are united to Christ by a living faith we too shall overcome, for we read, "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (I John 5:4).

The world is Satan's net in which he seeks to catch the careless and lukewarm Christian. It has so much that attracts and glitters. But if we begin to seek those things and love them, they sap us of our love to God so that spiritual life in us sickens and dies. Heed God's warning, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life, is not of the Father but is of the world." The poor fish who thinks he can slip in and out through the net will soon be caught.

Men set their nets where the fish are and fit their nets to the fish to be caught. The devil is a shrewd fisherman. He sets his net where men's thoughts and interests bring them, and the meshes in his net fit almost every kind. The morally weak are drawn in by the lusts of the flesh. The ambitious are drawn into it by visions of wealth, fame or power. "They that are minded to be rich fall into a temptation and snare and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction

(Concluded on page 4)

Bkjendtgjørelse:

I Melvil kaldet vil blive afholdt følgende møter: Atwater menighed dagene 26—28 October. Pastor G. J. Ostrem indleder Joh. 15, 1—8. Sion Menighed dagene 29—31 Oct. Pastor K. O. Kandal indleder Luk. 14, 15—22. Der vil paa samme tid blive aftenmøter i Cana og Birmingham. Vi beder om Guds folks forbøn for disse møter.

—Peter Overlid.

HVOR ER HIMMELEN?

Presten hadde søndags kveld holdt en speciel tale om himmelen. Mandag morgen, møter han paa gaten, en av sine beste menighetsfolk, en meget velstaaende kjøpmand, som var en stadig tilhører ved hver gudstjeneste, og ansaaes saaledes for en religiøs mand.

Naar de møttes siger kjøpmanden, "God dag, pastor! Takker Dem for den gode prediken De holdt igaar kveld om himme-

len; men det forekom mig, at det var en ting De glemte at si os, og det var hvor himmelen er?"

"Vel," sa presten, "men man kan jo ikke faa alt ind i en prediken. Men vil De vite hvor himmelen er, saa kan jeg fortelle Dem det ret her. Ser De, min ven, deroppe paa bakken lever der en fattig enke med 7 barn. Mrs. N. De kjender hende. Nu kommer snart den kolde vinter; hun har et daarlig hus at bo i, og intet at kjøpe ved og kul for. Dertil er det daarlig med hvad de har at leve av. Ta nu deres vakre heste, og læs paa et godt læs med kul og ved og selv kjører De det op til hende. Dette gjør De nu i formiddag.

"Paa eftermiddag tar De to store kasser og pakker dem fuld med hvad hun trenger til mat og klæder. Dette kjører De ogsaa selv op til hende og bærer det ind i huset.

"Derefter tar De op 20 dollars og legger paa bordet, idet De siger, De skal faa mere senere, om De behøver det.

Derefter tar De hendes bibel, som altid ligger paa bordet, slaar op den 23 Davids salme og leser den, saa bøier De deres kne og beder til Gud for enken og hendes barn, glem saa heller ikke at bede til Gud for Dem selv, at De maa faa rede paa hvor himmelen er.

"Vil De gjøre dette?"

Kjøpmanden stod en stund i dype tanker, derpaa sier han, "Jeg skal gjøre som De har sagt!"

Om en tid faar enken se, at noen kommer kjørende opover bakken, med et tungt læs. Saa faar hun ogsaa se, at det er kjøpmandens heste; og naar de stanser utenfor huset, gaar hun ut, og der staar kjøpmanden selv og sier:

"Jeg kommer med litt kul og ved til dig, hvor skal jeg legge det?"

Enken, kan neppe svare av glede og forundring, idet taarene fylder hendes øine, og det blev ikke sagt mere.

Manden læsset av og reiste sin vei, og enken maatte ind og glede barna, og de tillsammans takkede Gud, og glemte slet ikke at be for denne snilde mand, at Gud maatte frelse hans sjel; ti selv om de hadde kjent ham i mange aar, var dette den første gang, han hadde git dem noe.

Ut paa eftermiddag den samme dag, kommer der atter noen kjørende opover imot huset, og de maatte jo komme dit, da det var bare denne ene vei og kun dette hus, som den førte til.

Men det var jo de samme heste, og da de kom nærmere saa de at kjøpmanden sitter paa "springsætet" og kjører. Kommen til døren, gaar konen ut, og manden sier:

"Jeg tenkte, kanskje De trengte noe baade til mat og klæder for vinteren, derfor kommer jeg igjen med dette". Og saa bærer han først den ene, og derpaa den anden tunge kasse ind og setter paa gulvet. Enken begynte at graate; ti hun viste ikke om det var et syn, eller en virkelighet, og naar nu barna saa at mor graat, saa begynte ogsaa de at graate.

Men endnu mere overrasket blev de, naar manden la 20 dollars paa bordet, idet han sa: "De skal faa mere siden om de trenger det."

Men deres forundring og graat blev ganske hysterisk, da manden ogsaa tok bibelen og leste den 23 Davids salme; faldt paa kne og bad til Gud, at han maatte bli frelst. Han bad ogsaa for enken og hendes barn.

De fik nu ikke tid til at takke; ti manden kom sig ut, saa fort han kunde, tok sine heste og til byen bar det.

Saasnaert han hadde faat sine heste sat ind, gik han til presten, saa fort han kunde; gik like ind paa hans kontor og ropte: "Aa kjære pastor, nu vet jeg hvor himmelen er". Og idet han slog sig for brystet, sier han: "Himmelen er herinde!"

N.B.—Antagelig, er det altfor mange blant os, som har meget at lære av denne historie, som er religiøs, og endog meget religiøs, saa de endog lærer andre. Men selv ikke vet, hvor himmelen er, ikke engang selv vet veien, men gaar paa en anden vei til evigheten; men sitter fast i det verdslige, som denne kjøpmand gjorde. Les Mark. 10:17-21.

—O M. Bakke.

In spite of Dungeon Fire and Sword



Rev. G. O. EVENSON.
Missionary on Alaska Highway.

Yes, Our Young People Remember

Sometimes young people become a bit impatient with a summons that directs their thoughts to the past. Do not the problems of the present and future call for all our abilities and energies? Does not the backward look call attention to a continuous procession of mistakes and failures? Did not the apostle Paul speak of forgetting those things which are behind, and pressing on to those things which are before?

Such questions as the above are fair enough, and not to be brushed thoughtlessly aside. Yet they can be quickly answered with the statement that they view only one side of the picture. The problems now confronting us will be better solved if we perceive how similar difficulties were met in the past. The backward look, if it is honest and sincere, will see not only shortcomings but also a stream of blessings from God. The apostle's words about forgetting the things that are behind had in mind a certain kind of thing to be forgotten — namely, anything and everything of his own that he could boast about.

Even the apostle Paul remembered the past. He may not have written Hebrews, but he certainly was in full agreement with the words: "Remember them that had the rule over you, men that spake unto you the word of life; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith." Is not this a crystal clear admonition? It declares to us that it is Scriptural for us to call to remembrance those who in the past have labored earnestly and faithfully in the Lord's vineyard. We are not to deify them. We are not to worship them. We are not to whitewash them. But for every one that was a sinner saved by grace we are to thank Almighty God. For the blessings that He gave to us through them we are to lift our thankful song of praise.

The purpose of our Centennial program must not be to glorify men. Rather it must be in accordance with the command of God as stated in Deuteronomy 8:2, "Thou shalt remember all the way which Jehovah thy God hath led thee." No one who looks back in order to see how God has led our church since its founding in America one hundred years ago will fail to realize that in spite of human weakness and sinfulness God has poured out His blessings upon us in many and wonderful ways. Our young people will be better fitted to carry on in the church of tomorrow when they have a better understanding of the past.

As president of our Canada district Young Peoples' Luther League I venture in the name of all our Luther Leaguers to pledge ourselves to a continued grateful remembrance of the past, and to a continued consecration of our hearts and lives to the Savior. I count on all our Leaguers to make this pledge not high-sounding words but a living reality.

—G. O. Evenson.

No one is exempt from talking nonsense; the misfortune is to do it solemnly.

—Montaigne.

REMINISCENCES

Rev. PALMER ANDERSON

One of the earliest memories from my childhood days at Bardo is that of a great prairie-fire. Belching smoke and flame it swept down upon us from the grasslands to the east. With no fields to stop it and a brisk wind to speed it on, things looked rather hopeless for us and the little home stead cabin, and the straw stable which housed the stock. Worst of all father was away. Mother and grandfather held anxious consultation and prepared to fight.

What a relief when they saw father return. Resolutely they went out to do battle against the invading foe. But what was to be done with the children? There were three of us, myself and an older brother and sister. With us running around they were not free to put their minds on the fire. Better shut us in and get us out of the way. If the cabin caught fire they weren't too far away to rescue us. So, into the shack they hustled us and barred the door.

Wild panic seized me. Around and around in that small room I raced like a bear in a cage; leaping on the bed, the benches, the table; pulling at the door, clawing at the window. My fright broke down the stoicism of the other two and we were soon all screaming in chorus. Through chinks in the wall smoke seeped in, and above our screams sounded the roar of the approaching fire.

But father and mother were far too busy to heed. Harnessing our only team of horses, father with frantic haste laid a furrow between the buildings and the fire. Against this they started a back-fire. But the smoke and the heat soon drove them back. Would the fire-break hold? For a while it did. But glowing cinders soon shot across and the fire caught afresh; the stable was doomed.

Meanwhile the fire-fighters had retired to a second line of defense — a ditch cutting through the yard about 60 feet from the cabin. Against that ditch they started a second back-fire. Across this too, though with lessened force, the fire leaped. But armed with wet sacks, father and mother were there to meet it and to beat it out. The fire rushed by on both sides of us, and we were safe.

Several times a year father had to make a long trek to town. In the best of weather the trip took a week. Those were long and anxious days for mother, and lonesome days for us children. Nor was the anxiety for him alone. For sometimes in his absence sickness would come, or the meal in the bag run low, or the stock would stray, or get into the neighbor's field or into our own.

The days wore on, and we would ask endless questions about father's return. Would it be on such or such a day? Would he bring us this or that which we needed and had set our hearts on getting? Daily we prayed much about these matters, and for his safe return.

On one occasion father was accompanied on his trip to town by a neighbor's wife. During their absence her little girl accidentally broke her leg. The news of it gave us children quite a shock. But that was nothing compared with the shock which jolted that mother the moment father and she drove into the yard, and I in eager haste to be the first to break the news, shouted: "...has broken her leg". Still I can see her as she threw up her hands as if to ward off a blow, and exclaimed: "What are you saying?"

Great was my feeling of shame and humiliation when father took me to task. And gone for me was the joy of the home-coming until the good woman herself consoled me by saying I had meant well, and needn't feel bad about it.

Another incident I recall was a near tragedy, and I was the unwitting cause of it. Busy at my play in a grove near the road one day, I heard a wagon approaching. Looking up I saw a neighbor woman driving by, and on the spring-seat beside her a little girl of about my own age, the daughter of another neighbor. Thinking they might be driving in, with sudden impulse I jumped up and made for the house to tell mother.

A piercing scream, and the noisy clatter of wagon wheels brought me to an abrupt halt. Startled by that sudden movement among the trees, the high-spirited horses had plunged into a wild gallop. I saw the woman and the girl clinging helplessly to the wagon. I saw the horses swerve sharply off the road to avoid a closed gate, upsetting the wagon and throwing the occupants violently to the ground.

Roused by the commotion mother came running out. Seeing me she called out what was the matter. Frozen with fear I could only stammer and point at the figures on the ground, and at the fleeing horses. But she saw what had happened before I could say a thing, and lost no time going to their rescue.

A merciful God had spared the lives of both of them. The girl picked herself up quite unhurt. The woman though stunned and bleeding from a cut in the forehead was not seriously hurt. A little first-aid, a rest in the house, and a cup of coffee set her right again. The horses were recovered unhurt, the wagon put to rights, and they were able to proceed homeward.

But it was long before I got over the sense of guilt that rose up in me when they discovered and I realized how the accident had come about.

I was very fond of my grandfather. A puny, undersized man, who walked with shuffling gait, and had to push his ear-horn into your face to hear what you said; often impatient and cross with us children who nagged him for many things and got in his way at inopportune times, yet he had many qualities which endeared him to our childish hearts. He brought us candy, he knew we liked stories and would read for us. Best of all he was handy with tools and enjoyed making things for us and others. Many were the toys he turned out. Many the articles of furniture, wall ornaments and Bible mottoes that came from his hand. Some found their way into other homes, yes, even into the church. The first altar was of his making. One well-remembered Bible motto which hung on the church wall was this: "Land, Land, Land, her Herrens Ord".

I was also fond of going out riding with grandfather in his buggy or sled, especially the latter. One such trip I distinctly recall was to Salt Lake about twelve miles away.

Old "Sam" put on his usual "lame" performance as we started out, much to grandfather's concern, for the limp was rather convincing, and his kind heart was loathe to suspect and duplicity on the part of his four-footed friend. Some distance out on the road, however the lameness vanished, which was also the usual procedure. The home-made, canvas-covered sled rode rather bumpily, but a fire in the sheet-iron stove at the front kept us snug and warm.

They had been on the Look-out for the "preacher", and right warmly they welcomed him. In that poor but hospitable home we spent the night. Grandfather had spent many nights there, and held many services, and there the services were to be held also that Sunday.

The house was well filled for the service. Some had travelled almost as far as we to get there. The service began late and continued long. Grandfather was never in a hurry to close, and no one seemingly was in a hurry to leave, except youngsters like myself. But services were few and far between in those days, and the Word of God was precious.

I was both instructed and confirmed by my grandfather. I believe it was the last class he confirmed before stepping aside and giving way to a younger man. We were a large class, and I fear, a rather careless and inattentive one. All too often we took advantage of the preacher's deafness. There was much horse-play and rowdiness. Though not as inattentive as some, yet I was too often carried away by the prevailing spirit. The fault was with us, not with him, for the truth was clearly and seriously presented. It has always been a source of deep regret to me that on my confirmation day my response to his questions and the clasp of my hand with his were alike insincere. Grandfather was a man of prayer. And a constant burden upon his heart was the spiritual welfare of his people. "Revive thy church, O God"



Rev. PALMER I. ANDERSON
Missionary from China.

was the prayer oftenest on his lips. God answered that prayer by pouring out His Spirit upon our home congregation.

It began on a winter evening at Missionary Ronning's home on the farm adjoining ours. There had been meetings preceding this one, but of them I have no clear recollections. There was a good turnout that night. There always was when Rev. Ronning spoke. He was then a man in his best years, just returned from the mission field, and deeply zealous for souls. Always his preaching had fascinated and arrested me.

All our family was there that evening, including grandfather, who never missed a service. I remember sitting on a bench in the living room. Several benches had been placed there, and they were all filled. Mother sat not very far away. Directly in front of me was the parlor; that too was filled. Near the center table in the parlor stood the tall, slim figure of the missionary facing us as he spoke. And beside him, his ear-trumpet thrust almost into the speaker's face, stood my aged grandfather.

I cannot remember what songs we sang. I cannot remember a word of the text or the sermon. All I do remember is the invitation given by the missionary at the close, to kneel and pray. I remember my uneasiness and surprise at seeing people getting down on their knees, among them my older brother and sister who like myself had drifted into a prayerless, careless life. My youngest brother and sister, still mere children, were also among the kneelers. Father and mother too were on their knees, but that occasioned no surprise, for I had so often seen them on their knees at home, and heard them praying for all of us.

Suddenly, without knowing why or how, (for I hadn't the slightest intention or inclination to do so), I found myself keeling with the rest. An unseen Power pervaded that room and seemed to pull me down. Around me rose the sound of praying and weeping. In my own spirit I felt quite unmoved, and could neither weep nor pray. Presently mother came over and knelt beside me with one arm over my shoulder. That moved me, but I fought off the emotion and remained silent. I was stirred a bit also at the sight of my grandfather moving in and out among the kneeling figures, tears coursing down his face.

We were silent all the way home that night. It was a dazed sort of silence on my part. I remained silent and dazed even when mother embraced me before I went to bed, saying, "Forgive me, Palmer, for coming over and kneeling beside you, but I've prayed so long that you would give your heart to the Lord."

The following evening we met in the church, and there for many evenings the meetings continued. The same Power that had impelled me to kneel at the house-meeting, impelled me to go to church. So it likely was also with my older brother and sister. There on our knees in the house of God, sin and grace became real to us, and we sought and found the forgiveness and peace which our hearts craved. The last memory of that unforgettable time is of myself and my brother kneeling beside the bed in joyful and thankful prayer, and

(Concluded on page 4)

O how our hearts beat high with Joy



Mrs. GEORGE HENDRICKSON
President Women's Missionary Federation
of Canada District.

A Centennial Greeting from the W. M. F.

The pioneers labored and sacrificed that we might inherit many good things both for soul and body. They passed on to us their good name, homes and property, a beautiful fruitful land, and, best of all, organized congregations, churches, and the Word of God. All our precious heritage must be, in turn, passed on to our children and our children's children.

We have reached half the centennial age as a church here in Canada. May the next fifty years show as much faithful service and prayerful progress as the first fifty years of the Lutheran Church in Canada. May we say with David,

"The seed also of his servants shall inherit it; they that love His name shall dwell therein." —Ps. 69:36.

Magda Hendrickson.

Three Kinds of Givers

There are three kinds of givers—the flint, the sponge and the honeycomb. It takes a blow of steel to get anything out of a flint, and then it is often a vicious snap. The sponge must be squeezed, and even then will not yield all it has absorbed. The honeycomb is but the frail cover for a store of sweetness, and for the smallest puncture, it yields its sweetness.

These One Hundred Years

We are this year celebrating the Centennial of the Norwegian Lutheran Church in America. As we look back over these one hundred years, what are some of the more significant facts and events to be noted?

First of all the fact that our fathers came to America when they set out from Norway in search of new homes and greater economic opportunities. They might have gone to South America, or Australia, or South Africa. But they did not do so. They came to North America, to the United States, and in course of time many of them and their children to Canada. That is something for which to be profoundly grateful.

Historically it is also significant that they came in such numbers as to form large and compact settlements. And we may well ask, was it the wisdom of our fathers, or the providence of God, that guided them to the North Central States? The first substantial settlements were in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. From there the stream of immigration flowed westward and north-westward until our people became a very substantial part of the populations of northern Illinois, northern Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana. As they came practically empty handed to build their homes and their Church in a new land, could they in all the world have found a more favorable location? Also in this respect the Lord gave our fathers a goodly heritage. And as our people later on moved north-westward into Canada they found also here a good land in which to build their homes and their

Church.

More significant, however, than the fact that they came, and the place to which they came, was the spiritual heritage they brought with them. They brought their Bible, their hymnbook, their catechism and Pontoppidan's Explanation, and their books of devotion. They brought their Christian Faith, their characteristic type of Lutheranism, which combined the best elements of orthodoxy and pietism. They brought with them their Church, the Norwegian Lutheran Church. It is true, no bishops or ordained pastors accompanied the first immigrants. But this was not essential, for the Church does not consist of bishops and pastors. The Church is the communion of saints. The Church is where disciples are gathered in the name of Jesus around the Word and the Sacraments. As such the Church is competent to provide the necessary pastors, teachers and bishops.

The first Norwegian Lutheran congregation in America was formed September 13th, 1843, at Muskego, Wisconsin. This may properly be designated the birthday of the Norwegian Lutheran Church in America. It is true, the Word had been preached and the Sacraments, at least Baptism, had been administered earlier than this by laymen. And in a spiritual sense wherever this is done the Church is present. But historically the Christian Church is not only a spiritual entity. The mission of the Church in the world requires something more than that. Not until disciples band themselves together for the purpose of providing for the preaching of the Word and the administration of the Sacraments by the ministry, which divinely appointed, can the Church be said to be properly constituted. This is what was done at Muskego, Wisconsin, September 13th, 1843.

It is interesting to note that the act which constituted the first congregation did not consist in the adoption of a constitution for the congregation, but in the issuing of a letter of call to C. L. Clausen to become their pastor. A constitution was probably not adopted until some time later. The letter of call was the document whereby they provided for the preaching of the Word and the administration of the Sacraments, and which bound the members and the pastors together for the purpose of carrying on the work of the Church.

The ordination of the first two pastors, C. L. Clausen and Elling Eielsen, in October of 1843, were events of great importance. The fact that they were both lay-preachers before being ordained throws an interesting side-light on the pioneer beginnings of our Church.

We can not here sketch the development of synodical organizations among our people in America. The story is too long and too intricate. If we count synods that have been and that are now in existence we get a total of thirteen. At present there are four synodical bodies among Norwegian Lutherans in America. But the more significant fact is that within seventy-five years after the organization of the first congregation, approximately ninety percent of the membership had been gathered into one synodical organization, the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America. One of the really outstanding events of the past one hundred years was the amalgamation in 1917 of the three synods which formed the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America.

It is doubtful if any church group in America, in proportion to its size and economic strength, ever gave so large a place in its program to Christian higher education as have Norwegian Lutherans. In course of time they have built and operated no less than thirty academies. These institutions all rendered a very valuable service, but now almost all of them belong to history. They have been largely superseded on the one hand by public high schools and on the other hand by the junior and senior colleges of our Church and by state universities and colleges. At present our Church is maintaining five senior colleges and two or three junior colleges. This is a very heavy program in this field. Of our present colleges Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, was founded in 1861 and St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, in

1874.

The training of men for the gospel ministry is a vital phase of church work. In 1869 the Norwegian Augustana Synod started a seminary for this purpose at Marshall, Wis., under the name of Augsburg Seminary. This was the first theological seminary among Norwegians in America. This was twenty-six years after the organization of the first congregations. The development of the Church, the tendencies that prevail in the Church, are largely determined by the training which the pastors have received. It would be interesting, though possibly not very profitable, to speculate on what the course of events would have been if Norwegian Lutherans in America had earlier established a seminary, or seminaries, for the training of their own pastors.

Normally the work of the Church heads up to foreign missions. The Christian Church exists for the purpose of making disciples of all the nations. While there were some who from the earliest years were concerned about this cause, during the first forty or fifty years of its existence in this country the Norwegian Lutheran Church was largely preoccupied with its own pioneering problems. But in the eighties and nineties interest in foreign missions became more and more vocal and insistent. The first Norwegian Lutheran pastor to leave America for the foreign field was the Rev. J. P. Hogstad. He went to Madagascar in 1887 in the service of the Norwegian Missionary Society of Norway, as there was then no organized group in America to sponsor the work. In 1892, by arrangement with the Norwegian Missionary Society, the United Norwegian Lutheran Church of America took over the field in southern Madagascar and began aggressive mission work. We are all familiar with the heroic story of how Daniel Nelson sold his farm in Iowa and went in 1889 with his family to China as a missionary, upon his own initiative and responsibility. A little later a Mission Society, and still later the Church, assumed responsibility for the work. Among other early pioneer missionaries to China we should mention the Rev. H. N. Ronning and his sister Thea, who went out in 1890.

In addition to its large fields in China and Madagascar the Norwegian Lutheran Church in America decided in 1927 to take over the Schreuder Mission in South Africa, which since 1843 had been conducted from Norway.

And this year, or Centennial year, our Church is in process of opening a new mission field in South America. It is entirely proper that we this year should be expanding our foreign mission program.

The Lord has richly blessed the Norwegian Lutheran Church in America during the past one hundred years. We have great reason to thank him for His abundant mercies of the past. Let us also pray Him to guide, empower and bless our Church in the years that lie ahead!

—J. R. Lavik.

TRUST

By Martha Snell Nicholson

I trust Him for my daily bread,
The keeping of my precious dead,
The wiping out of all my sin,
My going out, my coming in.

I trust Him for the grace to bear
This pain and weariness and care;
I trust Him with this laboring breath,
And with my ancient fear of death.

Within the anguish of my mind
His purpose and His love find,
Nor will He fail to give me strength
Which meets the need of each day's length.

In the day and in the night,
In the darkness and the light,
I trust the guidance of His hand
Through ways I cannot understand,

Until at last, earth's shadows gone,
I shall awake, some glorious dawn,
And in the brightness of His face
Begin to understand His grace!

—S. S. T.



Miss IRENE RUDE
President Lutheran Daughters
of the Reformation.

A Centennial Greeting from the L. D. R.

"Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your hearts before Him: God is a refuge for us." Psalm 62:8.

The advent of the Centennial year indicates to us that God has been with us through the past and that His church has grown amongst us these one hundred years.

This alone should stir us to trust Him at all times, for truly He has been with us through good and ill, He has been our refuge.

We owe thanks to our forefathers that they laboured unceasingly for the advance of the Kingdom. Work has been done, but there is much more to do and we shall go forward in His strength who directed and guided those who labored before us.

—Irene Rude.

Guerilla Tactics of Church

The church of tomorrow needs to be much more realistic than it is today. Its preaching of sin and grace through Jesus Christ is, of course, its perennial commission, but it needs to define sin in terms of present-day life if its preaching is to be pertinent, and to fit its message of grace to the sickness of the soul of the present generation. Many of the sins which the church deprecates are small sores compared to the disease which affects the whole body. It fights with guerilla tactics rather than with the strategic sense of the total battle situation. The intellectual and emotional climate of the age is determined by forces which the church either ignores or of which it is ignorant.

The church must be in the forefront of the issues which affect modern life. It need not be in politics, but it must understand politics. It need not control universities, but it must know what is going on in universities. It cannot censor all books and movies and recreation. It must give positive substitutes for what it condemns. Sometimes the church's positions are camouflaged to conceal weaknesses in its own thinking and action.

The present generation needs a new ideal of living. Many of its former hopes are swept away by the storm of war and revolution. The Christian Church alone is capable of a new revelation of the character and possibility of human life in an age as scientific, and as shallow, as ours. But if new ideals are to be shaped, they must, if they be Christian, breathe the spirit of Christ.

The creation of these ideals in a broken world is the task of a church alert and alive to what has happened and what is happening in today's world.

—Dr. Conrad Bergendoff.

"In order for humanity to progress, it must believe; it must have faith in certain absolute spiritual values, or at least have faith that absolute spiritual values exist."

—Christian Century.

Whene'er we hear that glorious word

Hyrden

JEG ER DØREN TIL FAARENE. Joh. 10:7.

Winnipeg, Manitoba,

Andet Nr. i October, 1943

Gods ord det er vort Arvegods

Alle Helgens Dagen.

MANENDE MINNER

Matt. 5, 13—16.

Av domprost Johs. Hygen, Oslo.

Alle Helgens Dagen er minnenes dag. Vi minnes de kristne kvinner og menn som ved sin tros mot, sin kjærlighets glød og sitt levende haap blev jordens salt og verdens lys, og som i taalmot og troskap bar kristendommen frem frem til seier og bygget Guds kirke paa jord.

Vi minnes martyrene og fedrene fra kirkenes første tider, misjonærene som drog til fjerne egne med evangeliet for aa gjøre alle folkene til Jesu disipler. Vi minnes de mange troeshelter, hvis navn ikke er kjent av oss, men som paa sitt sted i det stille og skjulte var tro inntil døden.

Vi minnes Martin Luther og de andre reformatorer. Alle Helgens Dagen feires jo hos oss ogsaa som reformasjonsfest. I særlig grad er det grunn til aa gjøre disse minner levende i vaart sinn.

Dog har vi ikke bare disse tidligere tiders kampe og seire i vaar tanke, men de kristnes kamp og martyrium er i vaare dager rykket oss meget nærmere inn paa livet.

Vi minnes denne store skare av fromme nedigjennem tidene — ikke med tilbedelse, ti de var kun syndige mennesker — men med takk til Gud som gav dem del i frelsen i Jesus Kristus og som styrket dem til aa være tro inntil døden. Naar vi kaller dem "Alle Helgen" er det nettopp i tillit til Guds naade i Jesus Kristus. I en av de andre tekster paa denne søndag minnes vi om Jesu løfte til sine disipler — til dem som blir hatet, spottet og forfulgt for menneskesønnens skyld: "deres løn skal være stor i himlen". Ja, for dette Jesu løftes skyld er det vi kan synge om "den store hvite flok" som er kommet ut av den store trengsel og er hjemme hos Gud.

Men naar kirken paa Alle Helgens Dag har gitt oss evangelier av Jesu bergpreken, ogsaa vaart evangelium: "I er jordens salt; I er verdens lys," da er det forat dagen ikke bare skal være en minnes dag, men minnene skal mane oss til aa efterfølge disse Jesu disiplers tro og liv. De skal mane ogsaa oss til aa ta et avgjort standpunkt og til aa se vaart store kall i verden og til aa gaa i den oss foresatte kamp med frimodighet og glede.

Vi kan vel trenge baade formaning og opmuntring. Tidene er vanskelige for den kristne kirke og for hver enkelt kristen. Og vi er saa svake og kraftløse. Der kleber ved oss og vaar kirke to skader som henger sammen: vi er for litet helstøpte kristne og derfor for lite frimodige og glad. En vek og vaklende tro og en uglad og sutrende kristendom erobrer ikke verden. Vi trenger sterke og modige kristne, vi trenger et innslag i vaar kirke av maalbevisst og begeistret ungdom, vi trenger alle alltid paa ny aa holde op for oss Jesu kall: "I er jordens salt; I er verdens lys!" — Vi trenger — ja det vi mest av alt trenger er at Herren selv maa gi oss sin aand med lys og kraft fra ham.

Der er ingen bønn vi mere kan trenge aa bede enn den vi har i salmen:

*O Hellig Aand, til dig vaar skatt,
vi sukker dag og natt,
kom giv oss samme lys og kraft
som fedrene har hatt,
da kristendommen stod*

LOVER HERREN

og

OPHØIER HERRENS NAVN

Av Pastor K. O. Kandal

Vor kirke hertillands, De Forenede Stater og Kanada, et hundrede aar gammel! Saa kan vi da feire Hundredeaarfest.

"Hundrede aar" for et kirkesamfund er kanskje ikke nogen høi alder, og dog, det er noksaa mange naade, saavelsom arbeidsdage endog for en kirke.

Nu, er jeg blit bedt om at skrive noget for Hyrden, den norske avdeling, angaaende Herrens velsignelse over vor kirke disse hundrede aar. (Det er dog ikke saa liketil, i en haand vending som det nu maa bli, og i en kort artikkel. Dog vil vi gjerne være lydige, i lengste laget. Vi venter jo det samme av andre, iblandt!)

Naar vi tenker paa vor kirkes ringe begyndelse i Amerika for hundrede aar siden, saa mindes vi hvad vi leser i Mattæus Evangelium 13:31—33. "En anden lignelse fremsatte han for dem og sagde: Himlenes rige er ligt et senepskorn som en mand tog og saaede i sin ager; det er mindre end alt andet frø; men naar det vokser til, er det større end alle madurter og bliver til et træ, saa Himmelsens fugle kommer og bygger rede i dets grene. En anden lignelse sagde han dem: Himmelsens rige er ligt en surdeig som en kvinde tog og skjulte i tre skepper mel til det blev syret alt sammen."

Et par mend, Eielsen og Clausen, i mands øine kanske noksaa uanseeligt frø, endog til at begynde med. Men Gud vedkjendte sig deres og andres virke i sin kirke, og velsignet det rikeligt. La os aldrig glemme at det er "Herrens velsignelse som gjør rik."

Naar vi tenker paa vore fedre som kom over til Amerika for hundrede aar siden, og de fleste havde saavist ikke saa meget av denne verdens gods; men tiltrods for det, saa havde man "en skat", "en arv" med sig som var av den aller største betydning. De havde lert at elske og verdsette Guds ord i hjem og kirke!

De havde ikke veret lenge hertillands for de begyndte at tenke og plane paa at opføre kirker. For fleres vedkommende av dem saa stod Kirken "paa et høit sted".

*Bygde vi hjem i fremmed land
kirken vi med os dog have.*

Nei man glemte ikke den. Og naar man da havde naaet saa langt at faa opføre Muskego kirken, og senere andre med, og kunde da samles der med sine kjere forat tilbude den sande og levende Gud—da kunde de istemme og synge:

*Aand over aander kom ned fra det høie
evig med Fader og Sønner en Gud!
Kom vore sjele tilsammen at føie
kom at berede den himmelske brud!
Kalde, forsamle og Jesus forklare
bygge Guds kirke oplyse hans folk
Det er din gjerning lad os den erfare
kom du Guds kjærlighets mektige tolk*

Ja da maatte det være gripende og ufor-

*som tre med sterkest rot,
med frukt som purpur og som sne
— o Herre, la det skje!*

Amen.

glemmelige stunder. Og Herren hørte og bønørte deres bønner og ydmyke begjeringer.

Gud Herren har bygget sin kirke iblandt vort folk i Nord Amerika hvor han ved sit ord og aand "oplyser sit folk".

Naar vi tenker paa de rundt 3000 kirker i vort samfund, og rundt 1200 prestere som nu betjener de mange tusinde medlemmer i disse menigheter, da maa vi sande at det lille "frø" er blit til et træ; At surdeigen virker ved siden av dette, saa gjør vor kirke nu, et noksaa vidstrakt missionsarbeide baade her hjemme og derute iblandt de mange, mange—som desverre—endnu sitter i mørke og dødsdygens dal. Maa vi da ogsaa i fremtiden se og forstaa vort store ansvar likeoverfor disse, vi som er blit saa høit benaadet.

Saa har vi vore kristelige skoler og barmhjertighetsanstalter. De større og mindre, som ogsaa virker som en "surdeig" som "lys og salt", i en verden som ligger i det onde.

Vi vil ogsaa med tak til Gud nevne Kvindernes Missionsforbund, saa vel som ungdomsbevegelsen i vor kirke. Frøet vokser, surdeigen virker!

"Komme dit rike" har vore fedre ned igjennem slekterne bedt og virket for. Sandelig denne bøn er ogsaa blit besvaret hvad vor kirke angaar.

Thi, Gud vere evigt lovet. Endnu leres og forkyndes Guds ord, rent og uforfalsket i vor kjere kirke. Ogsaa for det har mange bønner blit opsendt til kirkens Herre!

Hvorledes har man ikke sunget—ogsaa vort folk—i dette aarhundrede:

*Guds ord det er vort arvegods
de skal vor avkoms vere
Gud gi os i vor grav den ros
vi holdt det høit i kre.
Det er vor hjelp i nød
vor trøst i liv og død;
O Gud ihvor det gaar
lad det mens verden staa
det i vor æt nedarves.*

Saaledes har det gaat i arv og eie ifra slegt til slegt, indtil denne dag. Store ting har Herren gjort imot os. Vi har grund til med salmisten at si:

"Min sjel lov Herren og alt hvad i mig er, love hans hellige navn. Min sjel lov Herren og glem ikke alle hans velgjerninger."

Nu gjelder det da ogsaa for os, som en kirke, at gjøre som Paulus formanet sin yngre ven og medarbeider, Timoteus: "Ta vare paa den fagre skat som er dig overgitt ved den helligaand som bor i os. 2 Tim. 1, 14.

Et vakkert navn: "den fagre skat". Selve skatten er Kristus med sin naade og gave. En underlig livets skat er han, naar han aander paa os med livets haab og tar bort fra os det vi selv kjender som vor smerte—vor synd og vor dom.

En underlig skat er han, naar han lyser for os ind i en bedre verden og lar os faa øine et bedre og lykkeligere liv end det vi lever nu.

*"Alle mine kilder er i dig,
hos dig er livets ly,
i dit lys ser vi lys.*

Dette er nøiagtig sjelens inderste følelse overfor Kristus—den fagre skat. La os da ta vare paa ham.

Kjøper den beleilige tid!

En ung mand paa landet blev alvorlig grepet av Guds ord og følte især en aften en sterk dragelse til Kristus. Men han stod imot og tenkte: "Ikke nu; senere vil jeg gi Herren mit hjerte."

Den følgende dag blev han midt under arbeidet overfaldt av stor sjelenød, saa han neppe vidste hvor han skulde gjøre av sig. Han saa, at han var en fortaapt synder, og tanken paa at møte Gud i sin uomvendte tilstand var ham mere end han kunde bære. Han maatte bli den tanke kvit. Men det forekom ham at det aldrig i hans liv kunde være mere ubeleilig for ham at bli en alvorlig kristen en netop nu; senere skulde det bli saa langt lettere for ham. Han bad derfor Gud om, at han ikke nu vilde vekke en saadan uro og angst hos ham; ti han holdt den ikke ut. Og hans bøn blev hørt. Aanden vek bedrøvet bort og forlot ham; hans fortaapte tilstand engstet ham ikke mer.

Noen dage senere blev han livsfarlig syk. Da han merket, at døden nærmet sig, ropte han:

"O, mor, den bønner, den bønner der ute paa marken!"

Da hun spurte om, hvad han mente dermed, fortalte han, hvad han hadde bedt om, hvad vi ovenfor fortalte.

"Den bønner ute paa marken beseglet min dom."

Med disse ord paa sine leber gik han ind i evigheten — og blev et blandt de mange ofre for det sjelemyrdende bedrag: "Endnu er der tid nok.

Det er en alvorlig sak at opsette sin omvendelse aar efter aar og dag efter dag. Men det gjør tusener og atter tusener. Hvilken letsindighet! Gjør det ikke, sjel, hvis du endnu er et verdensmenneske! Nu er salighetens dag. Skynd dig med at faa livet i Guds søn og dit navn skrevet i livsens bok! Man handler, mens det er torvdag. Kjøper du ogsaa den beleilige tid!

Livet vidner

Stanley forteller om Livingstone: "Mens jeg var sammen med ham, holdt han aldri, hvad man kan kalle en preken, men hver dag blev dog allikevel saa aa si en preken. Hans hele liv var en utlegelse av Jesu Kristi bergpreken, enten vi leiret i urskogen, i var han i sine handliger." en handelsstasjon eller i en vill landsby, — saktmodig, mild, barmhjertig, ren, fredfull

Venner

Det er med venner som med stjerner, en ser dem klarest naar natten er paa det mørkeste.

*"Guds ord der dyre for os vundet
ved Guds trojaste vidners blod
Det var som tapt, men er gjenfundet
vi har den skat og perle god
For hvilken de gav alting hen
Gud lad os vel forvare den".*

Og saa, idet vi takker og lover Gud, et suk, en bøn for de kommende dage og aar.

*O lad det gaa i arv og eie
til vore born i tusind led
Og vise os de rette veie
og finde naade trøst og fred.
Og hjelpe alle ind til Gud
saa har det ført sin gjerning ud.*

Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith

of mother stealing quietly into the room leading little sister by the hand who wonderingly asked: "Why are they crying, crying, mother?" To which she replied with a tender, tearful voice: "They're so happy that Jesus has forgiven and saved them."

Blessed days! Blessed experiences! "Joy of heaven to earth come down." Joy in the hearts of those (and they were not a few) both young and old whom the Spirit had set free. Joy in the hearts of those who welcomed dear ones into the Shepherd's fold. Joy in our homes; joy in our work. Joy as we came and went between church and home by bobsled over the snowy roads under starry heavens that seemed to draw comfortingly near and shut us in. Joy as we met for christian fellowship in the house of God; joy that rose in prayer, testimony and praiseful song.

And the joyfulest of all was old grandfather whose prayers God has so marvelously answered.

Sermon continued from page 2

and perdition" (I Tim. 6:9). And you religious folks whose pride does not permit you to kneel at Calvary's cross, or who cannot join or attend a church because of the hypocrites in it—be sure that Satan has something that will accommodate you. And what is most misleading of all, you can still have that secure feeling of belonging to something religious. Satan has many things to take the place of Christ.

The fish know when they are caught in a net. So many of Satan's catches do not. They resent even the suggestion or warning. May God in His mercy awaken them, that they may seek Christ Who alone can rend the net and free the captive—the net may soon be drawn in. Beware Satan's net. Love not the world. Amen.

—A. K. H.

The Master's Questions

"Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have lost their way?
Have ye been in the wild, waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be we'd see in the gloaming
The prints of wounded feet.

"Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one,
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy?
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them,
He had nowhere to lay His head.

"Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole'?
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the golden land?

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death?
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door
And flitted across the shadows,
That I had been there before?"

—Selected.

Judging from Sunday school attendance, heaven won't be too full of men.

A man stopped to talk with two boys playing in the street. He looked at their little toys and remarked casually, "Those are your treasures." "No", replied the children, "they are our playthings." Would to God that we could come to look at our stocks, bonds, other material possessions, our petty earthly treasures, as mere playthings.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

Editor, Rev. G. O. Evenson, Outlook, Sask.

"If my people, who are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and will heal their land." —II Chronicles 7:14.

God speaks these words to those who bear the name of Christian. It does not refer to those who openly despise His salvation. The message is for a salt that has lost its savor in a nation that is ripe for a well deserved doom. But God in His mercy outlines the means by which a new order can be attained. *Humility. Seek God in prayer. Forsake sin.* Then being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. The results? Thankful hearts will praise God for answered prayers, for forgiven and forgotten sins, for a fruitful land that is happy and free.

—G. L.

Thoughts and Impressions

(Recently, it was the privilege of the undersigned to represent Canada District at the Y.P.L.L. Board of Directors meeting held at Minneapolis. Our district president was unable to attend because of work on the Alaska highway. The following article represents some of the vice-president's reflections arising out of this trip, and the contacts made on the journey and at Minneapolis.)

It is not a pleasant experience to travel on trains today. When officials close their eyes to breaches of regulations made in the interests of the public, the brake is off, and no one is really happy. On this one trip, I came in contact with more filth and evil, than I have met in all other situations put together. Concrete figures from the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the U.S.A. substantiate this experience. Last year, the following increase in number of arrests for girls under 21 years of age took place: assaults 55.7%; prostitution 64.8% other sex offenses 104.7%; vagrancy 124.3%; disorderly conduct 69.8%; and drunkenness 39.9%. Evidently, we are in danger of losing a national battle on home front — the battle against the devil, the world and the flesh. Unfortunately, this war has brought about a careless abandon on the moral front.

From the general run of contacts that I made on the train, I sensed a kind of mockery — at least an inconsistency — if we insist that we are fighting a war to save democracy and Christianity. Here is a single example of this. A fellow traveller persisted in talking about "knocking Jesus out of Germany, Italy, and Japan." Can it be that irresponsible individuals vested with authority and foolish stewards of wartime incomes are really fighting to save the four freedoms?

I saw a great nation — well aware of its greatness. (Perhaps this is all a part of wartime confidence.) I saw a people whose breath gave voice to curses and vaped the stench of beer. I could not escape the 'sexy' thoughts and smutty stories expressed by loud and raucous voices. I met men to whom the sixth commandment meant nothing.

It is easy to become utterly sick of humanity. There is nothing so loathsome on this earth as sin. But we must not dwell here. By God's grace, God's saved people must view every prodigal as a potential saint. The Christian knows that the heart is desperately wicked above all things, but has also had the experience "Sin shall have no more dominion over you."

I met several fine people on the train too, that is people who had a measure of control over the issues of the heart. They can be picked out by what they are reading, by their conversation, and by their friendships. Not all of these were saved people — but one does detect the effect of some 'salt', perhaps in a godly home or community.

It was a joy to get off the train to be greeted by a sprawling metropolis of diagonal streets basking in the purity of God's sunshine. Even if the buildings were a great deal begrimed, at least they were mostly silent on this Sabbath morning.

One could escape flashing neon beer signs in the beautiful residential sections where stately homes nestled in a setting of aristocratic oak trees whose craggy branches reached out to an azure sky.

Within an hour of my arrival, I was on my way to Central Lutheran. I fell into line with milling crowds who sought the spacious doors of a great temple. How different this family was from the crowd on the train! How different the world could be if the majority accepted the salvation of Christ, and then lived the new life abundantly!

Accomplished ushers gave me the order of morning service and directed me to a cushioned seat. The deep roll of the majestic organ blended with the richly colored shadows. The inward eye visualized Dr. Aasgaard gavelling some 'chaser of butterflies' to get back to the topic under discussion... motions, amendments and minutes. As the congregation rose to its feet, I was called away from imaginary church conventions to the reality of a morning service. Impressive. Orthodox. Ritualistic. Unified. A scholarly sermon plus green vestments. The elaborate liturgy did not detract from the scriptural message on "Faith". A spirit of worship permeated this house of God. It did seem a bit artificial to dim the lights during the confession of faith, but, I suppose it did serve some symbolic purpose. Following the creed, the pipe organ chimed out "Rock of Ages" in a setting of accompanying soft harmony. This seemed most appropriate.

Yes, it was somewhat different than the general run of our services in Canada. Our Sunday morning services are a bit more subjective. But the message is the same: "Justification by faith alone."

Minneapolis is a Lutheran city. There are approximately 1500 Olsons, 1050 Hansons, 975 Carlsons ... and Petersons ... and Andersons ... yea even 18 Lokens in the telephone directory.

Later on in the week, I took the street car across to St. Paul to visit the seminary and Old Muskego. The seminary chapel was beautiful. "Of the making of books there is no end", takes on a new significance when one visits the library. I met no prophets — but I did meet Dr. Syrdal, Dr. Milton, and Dr. Gullixson — ordinary human beings. I felt that they were spiritual men who were strong because they were weak. The visit with Dr. Gullixson in his office was interesting. It is a pleasure to listen to a man who has such a sensitive command of the English language.

Old Muskego not only is a pioneer church — but further a pioneer odor permeates the air bringing memories of days that now live mostly within the covers of books. I don't know what particular freak in human nature arranged that a pastor should speak from a pulpit almost near the ceiling. However, we can be thankful for pioneers who looked up in more than one sense! Together with Galen Morstad from Outlook, I signed my name in the visitors Centennial Year Book. The old church is surrounded by trees — some of them fruit bearing. The backyards of several of the professors of the seminary stretch out towards the old church. I understand that it is still a topic for some good natured controversy just whose backyard it does stand in.

On a later day I visited the Bible School. As one enters this well-kept place, he is greeted by the cross above the chapel door with the message "Jesus Only". In one room I found pictures on the walls of two of our pastors who have graduated from L.B.I. — Rev. A. M. Vinge and Rev. Gerhard Ostrem.

It is an inspiration to visit Augsburg Publishing House. Down below the level of the street, throbs a tremendous pulse — pouring forth an endless stream of the best in Christian literature. Above, one finds vital co-ordinating officials who have tremendous responsibilities. You meet people who give you the impression of being good business men, others who are so obviously radiant soldiers of Jesus Christ, and also those rare executives who are combinations of both of these qualities. Augsburg Publishing House is a friendly place. Church

officials are happy to meet you. Further, it is a good place to meet people from far and near. All have come to spend delightful hours and several dollars as they roam from one artistic display of books to some other fresh and attractive display of colorful literature.

Adjacent to our publishing house, are the offices of the Y.P.L.L. After working for years in the Luther League, it is one of those moments that isn't soon forgotten when you stand for the first time in offices from which you have received scores of letters and to which you have also sent a fair number. It is a joy to meet a consecrated efficient office staff — living sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.

It is an extraordinary thrill to be permitted to find the P.T.M. card you signed when you were a kid at high school filled out in a peculiar boyish handwriting; to see the filing cabinets from which you have been sent such splendid literature; to see the efficient filing system used by our office secretaries. At such moments, one is a bit ashamed of those circuits who have sent in no record of their elected officers, and a bit worried about those locals who have made no contribution to the "Youth for Christ" project. But above this feeling one is mighty proud of a district that is raising its budget each year — especially those circuits which are going over the top and then some.

A Luther League Board meeting is different. The men are unusually open and candid. There may be different opinions on some subjects, but always one spirit. A genuine Christian fellowship gives new meaning to the joys in Christ. There can be no dull moments with a dynamic chairman like A. E. Hanson. The meeting was spiced with occasional witticisms exchanged in a spirit of give and take.

Our Luther League leaders are dedicated to the cause of holding and winning youth for Christ. One is inspired to new zeal by contact with such a group of men. May we sustain them with our prayers. Because the devil is plenty worried about this type of church worker, they are subject to special temptations.

Together we planned the spiritual work to be carried out among our young people in 1944. Of these plans and decisions we shall all hear more later. I believe that this board meeting will make a difference in Heaven.

The words of our executive secretary come back to me "May God remove all obstacles so that He may use our Luther League according to His will to sound His trumpet of salvation and action that in the dark setting of our present day our program may go forward to hold and to win our young people for Christ."

G. Loken.

(Written by request.)

The Roots of Gratitude

For the Christian, gratitude has its roots deep in the grace of God. We have seen ourselves in our unworthiness as lost sinners. Then God has come with His grace, His great giving and forgiving love, His favor and mercy to the undeserving. Up from our heart's need has then risen the glad cry: Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift. Yes, in the human heart which has been humbled by the grace of God, there grows the flower of gratitude. In the proud and conceited soul there is no thanksgiving. In the self-satisfied man, who is constantly spraining his arm through patting himself on the back, there is no thankfulness. But in the soul who has had a vision of self as sinner and of Christ as Redeemer, there arises a perpetual praise to God: In everything give thanks. The Greek word for grace is CHARIS. The Greek word for thanksgiving is EUCHARISTIA. God bestows His grace and man in turn offers his thanksgiving—such is the rhythm of true Christian experience. When a human soul has seen that there is forgiveness for sin and that there is triumph over death and life eternal in Christ Jesus that soul has an adiding well-spring for thanksgiving.

—W.E.B.